

April 2014

# Apex

*Looking Through The Curve*

Official newsletter of Bluegrass Boomers, Inc.

Lexington, Kentucky

MOA #146 RA #49 [http://](http://www.bluegrassboomers.org)

[www.bluegrassboomers.org](http://www.bluegrassboomers.org)

**ACCIDENTS ARE PROHIBITED  
ON THIS ROAD**

70RCC

38TF



## Customer service first priority says Douglas Barnett, new Louisville H-D & BMW Sales Manager

**Customer service is first priority says Harley-Davidson & BMW Motorcycles of Louisville Sales Manager Douglas Barnett.**



**Louisville BMW Sales Manager Douglas Barnett poses on the new RnineT.**

His track record appears to support his assertion. During his tenure as sales manager for Harley-Davidson of Bowling Green, the H-D Bar & Shield award-winning dealership placed 19th out of 650 Harley dealerships in the category,

Customer Service.

"My father taught me to look a person in the eye and to talk straight, and that's how I do business. When you put the customer first, everything else works out," says Doug regarding his business approach.

With 88 BMW motorcycles on the floor in the prime front window display area during my visit with Doug on April 2, the Louisville dealership appears to be doing what it can to promote BMW in what has traditionally primarily been a Harley-Davidson market.

With the new R1200 GS Adventure bikes arriving, a new RnineT on the floor, along with the latest flagship K1600 GTL

Exclusive topping the full BMW line on display, Doug's flooring of BMW product appears to be well set for the spring season.

Long-time BMW riders will be happy to know that BMW Master Technician Dean Beatty has returned to duty for BMW customers, ensuring excellent technical service to back up Doug's promise of making customer service first priority.

Doug hated to miss our awards banquet, but on that Friday he found he had to fill a key staff vacancy which prevented him from leaving the dealership that closes at 7:00 p.m. on Saturday.

Ride over to Louisville and

introduce yourself to Doug, then check out the full line of BMW motorcycles on display. These are exciting times for BMW enthusiasts!

### New Activities

**Vice President Jonathan McKeown** has new ideas for club activities, and he hopes to learn what new activities would appeal to members.

We plan to stage a cookout in the near future for some quality time around the grill to toss around ideas. Look for further information in the May issue of *Apex*.

—Paul Elwyn



**Apex is the official newsletter of Bluegrass Beemers, Inc.  
Lexington, Kentucky MOA #146 RA #49**

**Paul Elwyn, Editor paul.elwyn@gmail.com**

**Deadline for submissions is the last day of the month.**

**Back issues of Apex can be accessed at <http://www.bluegrassbeemers.org>**

**Join us at Frisch's on Harrodsburg Rd.  
on any Saturday, 7-9:00 a.m.**

## Banquet program announces 2014 officers, award winners and requests input from attendees



Bluegrass Beemers officers for 2014 are (from left) 2014 Vice President Jonathan McKeown, 2013 President Lowell Roark, Treasurer Roy Rowlett, 2014 President and Apex Editor Paul Elwyn, and 2014 Historian/Keeper of the Log, Tom Weber. Also recognized but not pictured was Jeff Crabb, Webmeister.

**A**bout 30 people assembled at Chop House on a rainy Saturday evening, March 29th, for the annual Bluegrass Beemers Awards Banquet.

2013 President Lowell Roark announced officers for 2014: Paul Elwyn, President; Jonathan McKeown, Vice President; Roy Rowlett, Treasurer; Tom Weber Historian/Keeper of the Log.

Special guests were recognized:

- **Debbie Barnes**, has been our Saturday morning server at Frisch's Restaurant for the past 25 years. Jane Boyd, a former Frisch's server who covered the Bluegrass Beemers table on Saturday, accompanied Debbie.

accompanied Debbie.

- **Mitch Butler**, owner of I-75 Yamaha, has been a longtime member and supporter of the club, adding to the fun on Saturday morning and supporting our annual rally with door prizes.
- **Raymond and Lynn Montgomery**, owners of The Kickstand, support our rally with door prizes and host many events each year at their Burgin business adding moto fun throughout the year.
- **Douglas Barnett**, Sales Manager of Harley-Davidson and BMW Motorcycles of Louisville, was recognized but was unable to attend the banquet. The

Louisville dealership last year brought a new water-cooled GS to the banquet, and for years has supported our rally.

In further business I-75 Yamaha presented two \$50 gift cards. Winners were **Lee McKeown and Jay Smythe**.

### Award Winners

**David Griffiths, Events**, reporting four motorcycle events attended in 2013

**Randolph Scott, Mileage**, with "about 20,000 miles ridden

**Roy Rowlett, Saturday**

**Rider**, having ridden to Bluegrass Beemers breakfast at Frisch's on 36 Saturdays in 2013

**John Rice** rode 32 Saturdays. **Hubert Burton** rode 27 Saturdays.

**Roy Rowlett, Saturday Attendance**, having attended 49 Bluegrass Beemers breakfasts at Frisch's on Saturday in 2013

**Tom Weber** attended 45 breakfasts. **Tom Sutherland** attended 44 Saturday breakfasts.

**John Rice, Saturday Breakfast High Mileage**, rode 1,631 miles round trip to Saturday Bluegrass Beemers breakfasts in 2013.

**Paul Elwyn** rode 1,102 miles

## Banquet program announces 2014 officers, award winners and requests input from attendees



**Award Winners**  
(left to right) are David Griffiths, Events; Roy Rowlett, Saturday Rider and Saturday Attendance; and John Rice, Saturday Breakfast High Mileage Rider.

to Saturday breakfasts. **Lowell Roark** rode 973 miles to breakfasts.

In other business:

- Treasurer Roy Rowlett reported balances of \$719.03 in the Club Fund and \$1,073.38 in the Rally Fund.
- President Paul Elwyn noted that rally tasks completed to date include
  1. Stillwaters Campground site reserved for September 11-14
  2. Bobsters Catering, same as last year, has been scheduled; veggie burgers will be available this year in response to requests last year.
  3. Porta Potties booked
  4. AMA event sanction and insurance arrangements completed
  5. BMW RA and BMW MOA rally ads confirmed
- Banquet attendees were asked for input regarding award categories. Participation has diminished through the years. Mitch Butler half-jokingly recom-



**Recognized were (from left) Jane Boyd, Mitch Butler, Debbie Barnes, Raymond and Lynn Montgomery.**

mended breaking awards into two classes: Retired Members and Working Members. No other suggestions were offered.

- Attendees were asked for input regarding Bluegrass Beemers logomark items to be provided "free" to members who pay the annual

\$12 dues. Suggestions included bandanas and reflective decals. In previous years members have received ball caps, pens, flashlights, tire gauges, t-shirts, and license plate frames.

- Attendees approved continuing with \$12 annual

dues, which are due.

Following business, attendees viewed a segment of the short Youtube MotorCircus video <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o1Tz4mu7808> featuring four Germans riding Air-heads from Berlin to the Isle of Man TT races.



# Another trip in the Wayback Machine

By Roy Rowlett

**S**ometime in mid 1988, I was having another typical day at work at the Post Office. Little did I know this day would lead me to a future filled with BMW motorcycles.

A coworker came up and said, "I have someone to introduce to you. This is Gary Clark, a letter carrier, and he heard that you worked on motorcycles and used to own a BMW."

I said that was correct and asked what he wanted. He told me of his 1982 R100CS that had been sitting too long and needed someone to help him get it going, again. Sure, why not, I used to own a 1972 R75/5 Toaster and worked on it myself.

About three days later I was on his front porch where he kept the BMW, and we opened and cleaned the carb bowls, and what do ya know, it fired right up. He was very happy with that and asked me what I was riding. I had traded my Toaster to Charlie Brown for a brand new 1979 Honda CB750, the first year for the dual overhead cams. He said I should get back into the BMW's and said he knew where a decent old 74 R90 was sitting in a garage on Walton Avenue and was for sale for \$1000.00. I said I'd take a look, and we contacted the seller.

I sold my Honda to my nephew for \$1000.00, a bit less than it was worth, but it was family and how much I needed for the R90.

It took about four hours of cleaning to make the old Beemer presentable, but we persevered. I got it running with a fresh rebuild of the carbs, new points and condenser and plugs.

I soon learned that Gary was an avid collector of anything European with two wheels. In 1990 I learned also that Gary was a hemophiliac and during some knee surgery at UK, he received some clotting medicine that the company that produced it knew it was tainted with aids. Gary soon tested positive for the aids virus. He started distributing all the old

drove his old Toyota truck to Mt. Sterling to see Marvin Pargin. Marvin was an older German fellow who was an ace auto mechanic. Gary had purchased a 1964 BMW R69S from him and left it stored in his basement. We rolled it out and Gary announced that he wanted to give it to my son, because he knew we would keep it and restore it.



**Gary Clark holding the 1974 R90 that got me back into BMW motorcycles**

motorcycles he had amassed over the years to friends.

Chris Warner and another letter carrier at the Post Office received BMW R60/5 toaster tanks. Joe Stewart got a BSA Lightning, John Parish got a Triumph Silver Jubilee and a Java 350 America.

Gary then told me to go with him to pick up a bike. We

I had to replace the tank and fenders, since they had been damaged in an accident when the bike was nearly new. The fenders had been shortened, the tank had been patched, but the tool door was solid. It had a Harley tail light and semi ape hanger bars on it.

I procured the tank and fenders from Ron Hampton and

## Another trip in the Wayback Machine By Roy Rowlett



**Eddie Rowlett, age 6, on the 1964 R69S gifted to Roy by Gary Clark in 1990**

repainted and stripped them. I installed aftermarket header pipes and a new set of BMW mufflers. Turns out I had gotten the standard R60/2 mufflers and the R69S ones were different. A local fireman by the name of Poindexter came to

breakfast one morning shortly after this on an R60/2 and lo and behold, he had new R69S mufflers on it. I immediately arranged a swap so we could both have the correct mufflers.

Roy Jr. (Eddie) was six at the time and thought the world of

Gary, already, but you can tell by his big old smile that he was in motorcycle heaven.

Sadly, Gary only lasted a couple of years after contracting the virus, and we miss him a lot. He was the one who got me back into the BMW's and

introduced me to the Bluegrass Beemers. The rest, as they say, is history.

# The Airhead Encore Tour

Part IV  
By John Rice



*We last left our creaking grey protagonists spent, happy and full after a long day on the Cabot Trail and the Bell Buoy restaurant.*

**I**t's about 450 miles from Baddeck, NS, back to Calais, ME, starting with a series of enchanting island back roads (including a detour that wasn't on any of our maps) and ending with a long blast down the four-lane from Moncton, that culminated with us back at the familiar International Motel on the American side of the border.

One of my knee pads from my Sliders pants had gone mysteriously MIA somewhere along the way, but taking out the hip pad and wadding it up just so created an acceptable substitute.

At dawn we started in a light rain down Route 1 along the Maine coast, headed for West Quoddy which, despite the name, is the easternmost point in the continental US.

The lighthouse that marks that point is found in the fog at the end of a long narrow road far from the nearest town, with the morning tide crashing on the rocks below. At the base of the tower is a small house that once held two families, those of the lighthouse keeper and his assistant.

Touring its tiny rooms, one could easily imagine the intrigues and frictions of that many people in this isolated space that could, in the hands of a sufficiently twisted writer, result in a murder mystery. No such drama today, though, just overfed tourists in minivans (and two motorcycles) checking off this spot on a list, to return

to pampered modern lives away from here.

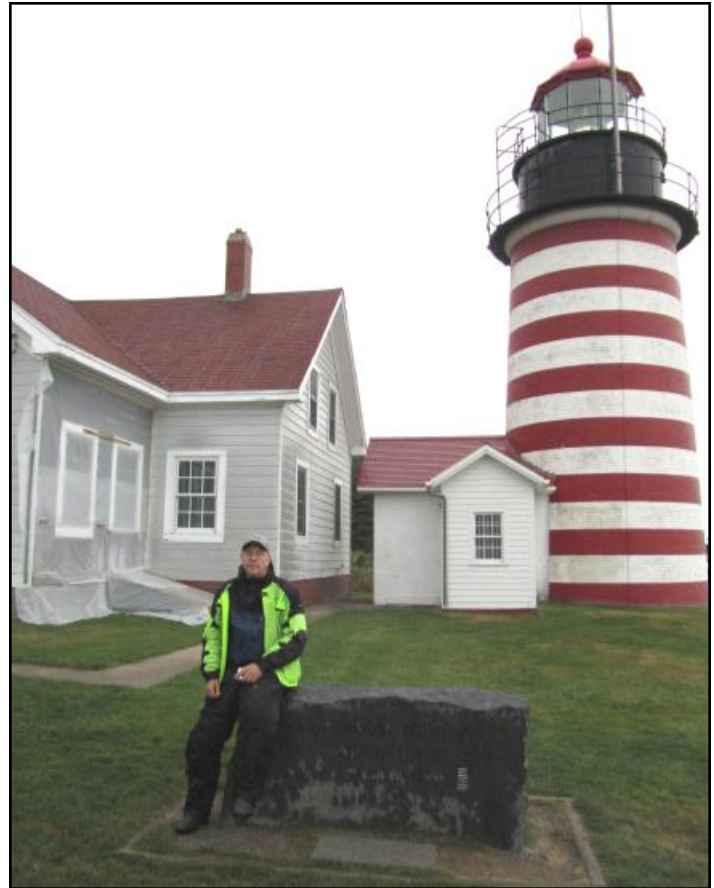
Route One follows the curves of the coast from here through picturesque small villages and endless signs advertising lobster meals.

We had other designs at this early hour, the town of Machias. Years ago our fellow Beemer Jeff Crabb had been up this way and sent to me a photo of the pie case at a restaurant in that town, a pie case that looked like heaven's own. I remembered the town, but not the name of the shop, so a quick series of texts to Jeff came up with the right place, Helen's Restaurant. For a motorcyclist who "rides for pie," this is the Real Deal, the Mecca of Meringue, Promised Land of Pie, The Elysium of Eclairs....well, you get the idea.

At our age, such excess is impossible to fully exploit, but we managed to try three pies, succeeding in satisfying the Daily Minimum Requirement for sugar through the next century. I recommend the chocolate coconut for starters.

Heads buzzing from the pastries, we don't recall much of the next few miles until we reached Ft. Knox and this surprising bridge, which seems to spring into view as if just dropped there from the sky as you approach, looking like an enormous harp awaiting only the Conductor's nod to start playing. It spans the Penobscot Narrows and houses the tallest bridge observatory in the country.

Our rest for the night came at Camden, a lovely coastal town that looks exactly like one thinks a Maine village should. The Megunticook River runs through the center of the town,



Jay Smythe, seated in the rain at the West Quoddy Lighthouse which is, despite the name, the easternmost point in the U.S. It seems East Quoddy is across the bay in Canada.



Bridge at Penobscot Narrows, Fort Knox, ME.

# The Airhead Encore Tour

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**The Riverhouse Footbridge in Camden, ME**

providing power for the woolen mills, gristmills and sawmills that once anchored this settlement.

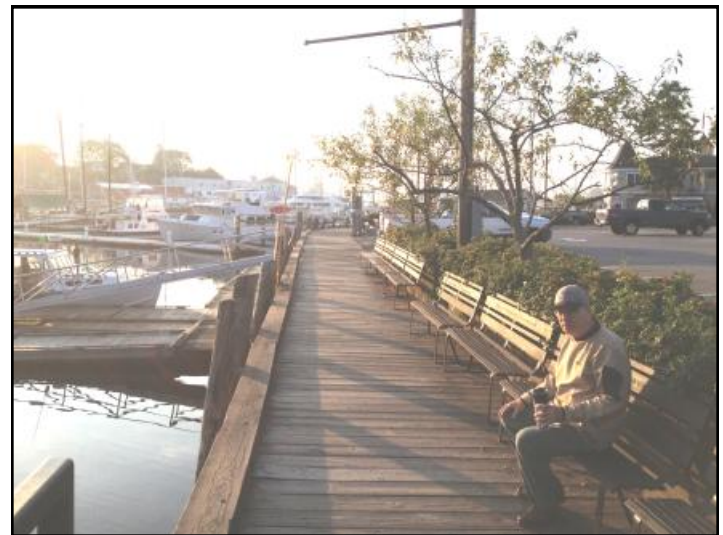
Founded in 1771, before this upstart nation was formed, the town has always held a prominent spot in Downeast history. In the late 1800's, there were six shipyards here, launching a dozen or so vessels annually. A hundred years later, it was the setting for the cinematic Peyton Place, but now seems entirely too nice to host such seamy happenings.

We checked in at the downtown Riverhouse Hotel, not our usual cheap side-of-the-road accommodation, because Brenda and Jay had stayed here once on a visit to their eastern relatives.

The Riverhouse is an old hotel harking back to the halcyon days of elegant travel when even modest places had an air of style about them, not stuck on with plastic and faux finish, but built in with the fabric of the structure. It's not large, not even the size of a modern Holi-

day Inn Express, built on a hillside and surrounded by other buildings of the era from when this was a working mill town and tourism wasn't an industry. From there it's an easy walk across the footbridge over the river to explore the old downtown area now filled with shops catering to the modern tourist. We already had our full complement of t-shirts and dust-gatherers, so restricted our perusals to a leatherworkers shop and investigating the many taverns and restaurants looking for a good evening meal.

We settled upon the Waterfront Restaurant with a covered patio extending out over the water, where I savored the "lazy lobster" (already cracked and laid out on a plate) with Sebago India Pale Ale and a profiterole for dessert. It can be a hard life, out on the road. To walk off our overlarge meals, we strolled around the town in the twilight, looking at the old woolen mills now converted into downtown condominiums and office space for modern



**Jay on the waterfront in Camden as dawn breaks**

folks who never knew the factory life these buildings once represented.

In the morning before breakfast we wandered around the harbor area, stopping to look at a restored-looking VW bus parked at the water's edge. While we were admiring it, a tall patrician gentleman came over and identified himself as the owner. He was in his later

70's, a semi-retired physician (with also a law degree, which he had acquired just for fun), who lived and taught medicine in Texas during the winter and came to idyllic Camden for the summers.

The 60's era van harkened back to his twenties, now perfectly restored in that endless quest that all of us "of a certain age" have to recapture that time

# The Airhead Encore Tour

Part IV  
By John Rice

when we had possibilities instead of probabilities and our youthful bodies did so easily whatever we, or someone else, asked of them. Alas, vehicles (be they VW vans or motorcycles) are much more capable of such restoration than their owners.

Down at the docks, there were dozens of wonderful sailboats, all polished wood and brass, gleaming in the rays of the rising sun. As we looked over the rails at one particularly nice example, a hatch in the deck opened and a wild-haired, deeply tanned young man clad only in a pair of unbuttoned cutoff jeans emerged slowly, blinking, into the light, as if uncertain who, and where in time and space, he might be. Eventually he saw us watching him and explained that he had overindulged rather badly the night before and had no particular recollection of how he'd arrived back on his boat and would we please tell him what time, and what day, it happened to be. He accepted the information thoughtfully, then descended back into the cabin, presumably to come out again when the world seemed more hospitable.

With no agenda other than to be home at the end of the month, we wandered up into Maine and over to Vermont, then down into the upstate New York lake country. We made a brief tour through Lake Placid, stopping to be amazed at the ski jump towers left over from the Olympics and the beautiful reflection of the aptly named Mirror Lake, and then plunged into the wonderful mountain roads heading southwest. I suppose all of the tour-



**In Cazenovia, New York, there is a bit O' the Scottish Highlands. The Brae Loch Inn, dating back to the 1800's, features a "wee pub" in the basement.**

ists were huddled around the shops in Placid, because the long sweeping curves through these forested hills were almost empty of traffic, as if closed off for our enjoyment.

Evening found us at the town of Cazenovia, New York, a small college town built along the edge of the lake of the same name. This is one of the sturdy brick communities that are common in the north, with one main street and only a few side roads, all dotted with impressive looking homes and establishments, including, since it is a college town, lots of small bars and restaurants. One thing it doesn't have is a surplus of motel rooms, so we ended up at the Brae Loch Inn, at the edge of town down by the lake. The Brae Loch dates back to the 1800's and is a well-preserved facsimile of a Scottish highlands hunting lodge, even down to the "wee pub" in the basement. In the "office", which I

think must once have been the sitting room of the house, there is a bottle of privately produced Scotch which guests are invited to sample.

From Cazenovia, the road leads through New York hill country. In Kentucky, we put

our pavement around the hills, giving us curves and scenery as we meander our way. Not so in this state, where the road just rams straight up and down whatever elevation may be in the way, much like a straightened roller coaster. From the



**Somewhere in that fog is New York, as we take the ferry from Vermont across Lake Champlain early in the morning.**

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By John Rice



**Suffering for our art: Jay in the courtyard restaurant of the Brae Loch Inn.**

six-foot high snow poles lining the road, I surmise that winter weather does visit this part of the country, but I guess that to these folks, a 20% grade is just one of those life problems to be overcome with no quarter given.

We soon find ourselves in Seneca Falls, one of the many iconic tourist centers in the Finger Lakes region, then Geneva and making the left turn to follow the waterfront of Seneca Lake.

The first few miles are impressive, with the vineyards between the road and the lake reminding us very much of the Mosel River valley in Germany. In one stretch there are homes, more like mansions

really, on the top of the steep slope down to the water, with the railroad track running just a few feet from their front doors. Back in the heyday of the rich who summered here, the marvelous view from the back decks overlooking the lake must have been worth the nuisance of repeated blasts of the freight cars rumbling past the door, rattling the crystal on the long dining room tables.

At the bottom of the lake is Watkins Glen, a small town given over to motor racing. The iconic track located there has been hosting races, including international competitions like Formula One, for more than 65 years.

This tiny town has seen many of the heroes of my misspent youth walking its streets over those decades, giants of the motorsports pantheon like Stirling Moss, Jackie Stewart and Dan Gurney, to name only a few.

In 1980, a different sort of motor came here, the International Observed Trials US Round. I rode up to this village on a 1975 Suzuki Titan 500cc two stroke to camp in the rain in the city park and hike the trails through the woods for two days following those young men I'd only read about in magazines...and two guys from Berea, Kentucky who were good enough to compete with them. The McWilliams broth-

ers, John and Jim, were here for that event and acquitted themselves admirably against the cream of the trials-riding world. They rode the best the organizers could throw at them, while I slogged through the muddy valleys in sodden tennis shoes to make my way to each section where I could watch magic being done.

I was a decent middle range trials rider in those days, having even ridden in a National or two, but I could only gawk open-mouthed at what the real ones could do.

No such excitement here this day, however, just a stop in at Lane's Yamaha, a real "old style" motorcycle shop on the hill overlooking the lake and the town. Lane's has been there more than 40 years, since the beginning of the baby-boomer motorcycle bubble, as attested to by Cindy Lane who has been there the whole time and seen it all.

She and her husband started this enterprise as enthusiastic youths and are still the same (minus the youth part) now. Cindy recalled the trials riders coming here those 30-plus years ago. Yamaha wasn't a major player in the trials game then, but the SWM team (a European brand) headquartered their riders at this shop for the event.

Cindy recommended Savard's Restaurant in downtown Watkins Glen for lunch and we followed her directions. There we were served by a young lady, transplanted from California to this small New York town, who told us she rode a Ninja 650 and that we should visit the "Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania" for a good ride

# The Airhead Encore Tour

Part IV  
By John Rice



**Two BMWs stop in to visit the Yamahas at Lane's at Watkins Glen, NY.**

on the roads around that area. We were well pleased by the pie she suggested, so we took her advice on this topic as well. By dinnertime we had made our way to Wellsboro, Pennsylvania where, we were told, the Grand Canyon could be found. We got one of the last rooms in a small motel just at the end of the short main street and set out for a reconnoitering stroll.

It is another sturdy northern town, mostly brick and stone buildings with wide streets and sidewalks suitable for carriages and men in top hats, ladies in voluminous hoop skirts. In this modern era, the milliners and buggy-whip purveyors have been replaced by sporting goods stores touting every up-to-date device for exploring the outdoors (from bicycles to canoes and kayaks and mountain climbing gear) and an equal number of bars and restaurants in which to seek rest and restoration after the sporting has been done.

There were several small, well-used dual sport bikes here and there on the street, which should have given us some clue of the type of riding in store for us tomorrow.

Friday morning, after a short repair session for a recalcitrant turn signal, we started out in a heavy fog to find the Canyon. Route 287 leads us down through a forest to intersect with 414 which we were told would take us through the fabled gorge. The "road," and I use the term somewhat advisedly, follows Pine Creek, a tiny stream that patiently carved its way to the bottom of this great chasm. I don't think the Arizona version has yet to worry about its status, but this one definitely considers itself an up and coming contender. We bumped and skittered along the dirt and graveled surface, looking up occasionally when we could spare the attention to the high cliffs above where the sky often looked like a narrow blue

ceiling bordered by green and black walls.

Our map didn't seem to have a clear idea of just where this primitive road was going, so when an intersection beckoned us with actual pavement, we opted out of canyon-ing to try our luck getting out.

This turned out to be a fortuitous choice, since the new road wended its way back up to the top, carving around the elevation changes with decent black-top, essentially deserted by everyone but us. Eventually it brought us to the hamlet of Oleana, PA and its only apparent business, a country store. Stopping for sustenance, we met the owner, an older lady who happened to be part of a motor racing family which included stock cars, motorcycles and nearly anything else with wheels and an engine. On the walls of the store were photos of her female friend who, along with her son, drag races motorcycles. She proudly told us

that Mom frequently bested the boys.

All too soon, the hill country roads funneled us back into the flatlands and finally to Punxsatawney PA, home of the prognosticating rodent.

Having seen Groundhog Day, the movie, we expected to find a quaint little town with a surplus of inviting places to stay. The warm room that Bill Murray had, overlooking that Main Street didn't seem to be available....or even in existence. The Main Street was a much more prosaic affair and mostly under construction. Phil's Lair, or Groundhog Central, is in a small park away from downtown and there were no furry weather forecasters in evidence on this hot August afternoon. The only available motel we found was beneath even our shockingly low standards for roadside accommodations.

Finally we located a B&B a few miles out of town which had a vacancy due to some-

# The Airhead Encore Tour

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By John Rice

one's cancellation. The proprietress, a lady from South Africa who had fetched up here in Pennsylvania through a variety of seemingly unlikely coincidences, told us that the road construction in the surrounding area had occupied nearly every room for rent, including most of hers. Our fellow guests were for the most part, construction crews hailing from various parts of the country along with a smattering of mini-vanned families on holiday. It was a pleasant place, nonetheless, and from our over-decorated third floor room we spotted a gazebo on the grounds which we made use of for an after dinner libation.

Leaving before the Breakfast part of B&B, we headed out pre-dawn, with the realization that for all our wandering around, now we had to get home and it was still a fairly long way from here. Fortunately, West Virginia provides a wide variety of mountain roads to experience before we are stopped by the need to cross the Ohio River. Taking the bridge into Gallipolis, we start down the river shore through the towns that once thrived on water traffic and now are but ghosts of their former status.

The old hotels that housed riverboat guests, high-born and lowdown, plying the waters from the developed East into the Frontier West (when Cincinnati was a western outpost) are now crumbling stone hulks splattered with graffiti sprayed by youth who have no idea of the history they are desecrating. Back in my own callow youth, I often came up Rt. 7 along this river on my 250cc magic carpet, but I don't think I understood then what this had been



**Jay covers his bike against the Pennsylvania night at the Punxutawney, Pennsylvania, B&B.**

and how far it would continue to fall. Something else will rise here for a new generation, when this crumbling has finished.

We turned inland to make our final approach to Kentucky, finding a series of empty, well-paved curvy roads that we could ride exactly as we pleased. I'd love to tell you what route numbers and exactly where they are, but: 1) I don't know because of our "let's go, er, .... *that way*" free-form travel "plan, and 2) it would deprive you of the pleasure of exploring the area for yourself. Suffice it to say that within a few hours of our Saturday breakfast, there are wonderful Ohio roads that, from our experience, almost no one else uses. Go find them.

As always at the end of a trip, we find ourselves too soon in very familiar territory and the



**Where the lying little rodent hangs out, Phil's Burrow**

horse-to-the-barn pull drives us homeward with all deliberate speed.

I pulled into my driveway, shut off the Boxer engine and sat there in the silence for a

moment, wondering where all the time had gone and how soon could I do it again.

—JR

## ***Saturday*** @ Frisch's 7-9 am



Above Left: Todd Fuller with his new 2013 R1200R. Above Right: Dr. Joe Bark, back in the saddle for the first time since surgery. Below Left: Steve Little with his KTM 400. Below Right: Tom Weber, Jonathan McKeown, Todd Fuller, and Roy Rowlett kick tires following breakfast.



# For Sale 2003 R1100S Boxer Cup Replica



**21,900 miles**

- BMW system cases
- Suburban handlebar risers
- tank bag
- fresh Metzeler tires

I purchased this lease bike in 2007 from Louisville BMW with only 3,500 miles registered.

This bike is always maintained according to book, garaged kept, in excellent condition and ready to ride.

**\$7,900**

**Lee Thompson**

leetlex92@gmail.com

**859-475-7029**



# For Sale 1995 R100 Mystic



**58,000 miles**

- Motorrad Elektrik 450 watt alternator
- Nippondenso starter
- Staintune exhaust
- Works shock
- high compression pistons

**\$4,000/OBO**

**Stuart Smythe**  
**270-769-9534**  
**smythe0102@gmail.com**



# For Sale

## 2008 BMW K1200S

- This bike has just over 7400 miles on the odometer.
- Tires have less than 1000 miles on them.
- Bike is in immaculate condition, always kept inside.

**\$10,000** or reasonable offer.

**Roger Perry**  
**859-489-6232**





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- It has three on-board power ports – 19V, 12V and 5V.
- A hi-power LED flashlight, with two flash patterns, is built-in.
- It has a battery capacity indicator and an automatic power-off, when not in use.
- The Micro-Start comes with everything you need in a convenient carrying case.
- ~~Retail \$159.99~~

**\$134.99 Bluegrass Beemer Price**

